

Everything You Never Knew You Wanted

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Everything You Never Knew You Wanted

by [janewithwhy](#)

Summary

Tumblr User Janewithwhy celebrates 200 followers by opening up prompts and makes a masterpost for them instead of spamming AO3 with drivel.

Notes

A collection of various prompts from various users with various shipping tastes. Chapters titled by pairing. Prompt located in the chapter summary.

Oops

Hey sorry, the first chapter doesn't let me post a summary, so in short I will say that this is just a collection of drabbles, as indicated by the summary.

I didn't want to spam AO3 because I don't feel like clogging up the pipes with my writing, but thank you for visiting!

Makonon

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Mako and Nonon shopping for/planning Satsuki's birthday.

“Are you kidding? No, we can’t surprise her.”

“But happy surprises are the best surprises!”

“No! Any surprise is going to end up with a broken table, a trip to the E.R., and Matoi crying!”

Mako pouted at Nonon and placed her hands on her hips, puffing her cheeks out. She was being indignant with all of the best intentions, but Nonon would have nothing of it. Surprise for the Steel Queen? They’d be hard pressed to surprise her, let alone come out unscathed. Nonon rubbed at her temple.

“Can’t we, like, be normal people? Take her to dinner? Buy a fancy bottle of wine? Try to get her tipsy?”

“You’re her best and oldest friend and that’s what you come up with?”

Nonon waved her hand, glaring.

“I’ll never say I’m a great gift giver,” she lied.

Mako went over to Nonon and stepped behind her, folding her arms atop the shorter woman’s head, contemplating their situation. Nonon scowled, but let her do it; it wasn’t like anybody was around to see her being a giant softie.

“What if we went on one of those adventure hikes?!” Mako said, suddenly. Nonon sagged against her waist and crossed her own arms.

“That sounds worse than dinner. She’ll end up yelling at us like in high school,” Nonon groaned. She felt Mako’s fingers tap gently against her skull as she thought. They were getting nowhere and all this affection was making Nonon warm and sleepy. “What would you do for Matoi?”

“Last year we rented out that ball pit and inflatable jumper that Uzu threw up in. The year before that was the laser tag incident, remember? And the year before that was the year she got too drunk and accidentally made out with you!” Mako said, listing each year off on her fingers. Nonon made a face at the last one.

“Don’t remind me,” she huffed. “Well, Satsuki isn’t five, so we’re not doing any of those things.”

Mako hummed and Nonon yawned, each running through a list of things they couldn’t do in their heads. Mako took her arms off of Nonon’s head and flopped on her stomach onto the couch.

“I still think we should throw a surprise party,” she said, grabbing a pillow and placing it under her head. Nonon went over and sat on top of the taller woman before lying down, back to back.

“Then I’ll have to plan a funeral, too,” she snorted. She propped her own head on top of her hands and closed her eyes, feeling Mako breathe underneath her. “Maybe we’ll think better after a nap.”

She only got a hum in response before they both fell asleep.

Not for lack of trying, they never did come up with anything better than a surprise party. There wasn’t a broken table, but Ryuko did need five stitches in her forehead at the E.R. after Satsuki flinched and elbowed her in the face at being surprised.

Satsuryu (Hardmode)

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Ryuko la Satsuki (hardmode~)

Sanctuary or purgatory?

What's the word for that sun drenched room on lazy Sunday mornings, full of the sound of soft sighs and strangled moans? A breeze through the slightly open window lifts the white curtain hanging in front of it, stirring particles of slowly falling dust like settling rubble. It's hot out, even so early, and hotter still within.

She's canting her hips against Ryuko's face, tugging at her hair, pulling ever closer, her eyes closed against the soft white of that morning sun. Ryuko drags her tongue through Satsuki's folds and chances a look up between the hills and valleys of porcelain flesh to that pale, exposed neck, where the sun is hitting her face like a spotlight as if Ryuko needed a reminder that this was what was important; this was what she was focused on; this was what she could give in that space where they can just be: sisters and lovers and rivals and friends and everything in between.

Between hitched breath and shuddered moans, Satsuki parts her lips and whispers, pleading, "Don't stop."

So she doesn't. She keeps them there, that tortured paradise, a world of its own, separate from prying, judging, condescending eyes. Building up and backing off, once, twice, a third, but never stopping, before she plants a palm against Satsuki's hip bone, slick with sweat.

"Be still," she whispers and Satsuki, for once, obeys, stilling her rocking hips and letting Ryuko take control because they're safe here in this questionable existence, this microcosm built just for them.

She comes without a sound, save for one strangled gasp releasing itself from the back of her throat. She tightens her thighs against her sister's ears, arcs her back off the bed, and stops breathing for that moment when her entire body shudders, muscles contracting and flexing, rigid, convulsing in this brilliantly beautiful way until she settles with a sigh.

Ryuko slides up against her body and rests her head upon Satsuki's chest, her ear pressed against her sternum so that she can hear that pounding, drumming heart settle back into its cage once more. There they lie, suspended in the lazy, heated haze of some Sunday morning—in the backs of their minds they wonder, is this their great escape? Or is this where they are trapped?

What's the real difference between sanctuary and purgatory?

Satsuryu (AU)

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Satsuryu and that oh-no-my roommate-is-hot universe you talked about.

“The electric bill is higher than usual this month.”

Ryuko turned her head only slightly away from her computer screen to look at her roommate before grunting and snapping her eyes back to her device. Volleyball spandex and a sports bra—this was on purpose. This was to spite her. Ryuko was sure of it.

“That’s it? Matoi, I’ve asked you before, please unplug your laptop and don’t leave it charging when you leave.”

Ryuko set her jaw and spun around on her seat.

“Maybe you should stop turning the heat on in the middle of spring? Put some sweats on maybe?”

Satsuki looked down at herself and then back up to Ryuko.

“I wear suits for 13 hours a day, sometimes six days a week; when I come home, I’d like to wear as little as possible,” she deadpanned. Yea. Definitely to spite her. “Also, please stop using my butter.”

“It’s just butter, Kiryuuin,” Ryuko said, waving her hand. “I know you buy the fancy shit; when it runs out, I’ll just replace it.”

“That’s not the point. You’re disrespecting my boundaries.”

“Alright alright,” Ryuko put her hands in the air defensively, “I’ll stop using your goddamn butter.”

She turned back to her laptop, hoping to ignore those toned abs and muscled biceps that angrily scolded her as if she wasn’t an adult in their mid twenties with an overbearing roommate. She didn’t hear footsteps walk away, however, so she turned back around.

“What, Kiryuuin?”

“It’s the third Thursday of the month.”

“And?”

“It’s movie night.”

Ryuko’s nostrils flared. It was only the second month living with Satsuki, but Ryuko thought she was at least joking when she went to go sign her lease/contract and there was a stipulation in there that said that every third Thursday of the month they were to have obligatory movie night so they could bond. Last month, Satsuki picked a bunch of weird foreign language films and Ryuko had to pretend that she hadn’t watched them all in her film classes throughout college.

“Please pick something in a language I can understand this time,” Ryuko said, getting up and stretching.

“It’s your turn to pick.”

Ryuko stopped mid stretch and smiled.

Maybe that was her downfall. She didn’t expect Satsuki to laugh so hard at the 1980 comedic classic, “Airplane!”. She only wanted to put something weird on that would make sure that Satsuki would never want to watch movies with her again, but after hearing the stuck up, rule-abiding, boundary-making crazy woman laugh so hard she snorted through nose, it was over.

Every other third Thursday of the month, Ryuko always found a new comedy to put on.

Satsuryu

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Ryuko la Satsuki first kiss?

It happened like a storm.

Was the correct metaphor lightning or its following thunder? Neither was completely sure, but the fact of the matter was that it happened. In the midst of an argument, no less. Which was so like them, but also so jarring. Who initiated it? Neither would admit to its inception.

Satsuki had slapped her, full force, open palmed, right across the face and Ryuko had snarled and suddenly they were locked to each other's mouths, like hungry, angry vultures feasting on the dead. It was all teeth and biting and rage, and neither one knew how to stop it. There was an undercurrent of fear and desire so palpable that it was almost tangible and it manifested itself in closed fists around locks of dark hair and pulling and tugging and a roughness that both were known for.

"Fucking asshole," Ryuko murmured, her nails leaving red trails against Satsuki's skin.

"Shut up, ignoramus," Satsuki growled, tugging her sister's hair, forcing her face away.

"Big talk for some bitch who can't keep her hands off of her own sister."

Satsuki flinched and shoved Ryuko away, wiping her mouth roughly against the back of her hand.

"Get the hell out," she said, pointing angrily to her front door.

"Apple doesn't fall far from the tree, does it, Kiryuuin?"

Maybe she meant to do it. Maybe it was just a rage reflex, but suddenly her hand was against Ryuko's throat, squeezing, fingers wrapped around the tendons of her neck like a python.

"Say that one more time," Satsuki growled, a threatening whisper as if from a lion.

Ryuko managed to spit in her face and Satsuki reeled backwards.

"The fucking apple doesn't fall far from the fucking tree, you incestual bitch!"

When she left, Satsuki slammed the door, splintering the wood with the force of her arm alone. Ryuko heard her screaming inside her manor until she jammed her helmet against her head and revved up her bike to get away.

Perhaps the roar of her motorcycle starting up was the best metaphor for the silence that followed a raging storm.

Satsuryu (Drunksuki)

Chapter Summary

Prompt: RYUKOLASATSUKI!RYUKOLASATSUKI! And please don't destroy us...

"Oof, nee-san, use your fuckin' legs," Ryuko groaned. Satsuki's arms were draped over her shoulders and her feet were dragging on the pavement behind them. It was late and the streets were empty, and Ryuko was starting to think these next three blocks were going to be the longest of her life. She swayed, drunk, under the weight of her sister, before she planted her feet and adjusted the both of them. Satsuki muttered something incoherent and tightened her grip on Ryuko.

"My pnts need tooo come off now," Satsuki said, finally using her legs.

"No, Satsuki, no; we're almost home," Ryuko stammered. They drank the same amount and Ryuko was pretty sure her life fiber tolerance was helping her out, but she was also pretty sure that Satsuki didn't eat anything before joining her at the bar. Letting go with one arm, Satsuki stepped into stride with Ryuko, still holding on. She swept her free hand in front of her in a grand gesture.

"No ones evn hur," she slurred. "I culd run 'round naked n' noone wld sayyyy shit, Matoi. Less than Junnnketsssss"

"Please, do not," Ryuko grumbled. Satsuki whipped her arm towards Ryuko's face, meaning to flick her nose, but she miscalculated her strength and ended up slapping Ryuko with an open palm.

"Satsuki! Ow, what the fuck?!"

"Ah, yourr no fun, imoutoo," she let go and swayed away from Ryuko, before booking it down the block.

"Kiryuuin! Come back here!"

She took off running after her sister, muttering profanities while Satsuki laughed and turned left into an alley.

"No, that's the wrong way, you moron!" Ryuko yelled, skidding as she turned. Satsuki was leaning with her shoulder against the wall.

"C'mere," she purred. Ryuko walked toward her and Satsuki stretched her arm out, placing one hand on Ryuko's shoulder when she came within distance. "M' sleepy."

“You’re trashed,” Ryuko murmured. Satsuki’s hand travelled upward before she ran her thumb against Ryuko’s ear. “You’re so drunk.”

“Mmmmmaybe,” she chuckled before leaning in. Ryuko met her halfway and pressed her lips to Satsuki’s. They kissed slow, languid, turning quickly to open mouthed, hot and heavy. One of Satsuki’s hands found its way under the fabric of Ryuko’s shirt and she brushed her thumb against her sister’s hipbone.

“Wait until we get home, you idiot,” Ryuko said, pulling away, and grabbing Satsuki by the wrist.

“Fineeee.”

Ryuko tugged and Satsuki followed.

“Cn we arm wrstl when we get home?”

Ryuko rolled her eyes.

“Sure, whatever you want, you lush.”

Satsuki laughed and latched onto Ryuko’s hand before intertwining their fingers.

They laughed the whole way home.

Satsuryu

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Ryuko la Satsuki aftercare after an intense BDSM session.

Sighing into the stretch, Ryuko reaches up to pat Satsuki lightly on her forearm.

“Can I get you anything? I’m sorry if I was too rough,” Satsuki says, a frown on her face. Ryuko chuckles and waves her hand, hissing when Satsuki puts her weight on her leg making sure to stretch the muscles in her thigh.

“I’m good. I do want some lemonade, though,” she responds, nonplussed. “And Gushers. Do we have any more Gushers? Maybe some Fruit by the Foot?”

Satsuki rolls her eyes as she sets Ryuko’s leg down, patting it, and moving up to kiss her before getting up.

“I’ll be right back.”

Ryuko cranes her neck to watch her leave, still lying prone on the floor of their bedroom. She tries to lift her arm, but fatigue is definitely starting to settle into her muscles so she gives up and waits for Satsuki to come back. She hears a few cabinets open and close and rolls onto her stomach, groaning as she does so, the insides of her thighs burning as she tries to turn her body. Satsuki comes back with a cool glass of lemonade, three packs of Gushers, and two Fruit by the Foot rolls.

“Strawberry?” she asks. Ryuko grunts an affirmative, face pressed into the carpet. Satsuki chuckles as she helps unroll one for Ryuko and a blueberry-strawberry tie-dye one for herself before setting the cool glass of lemonade in front of Ryuko’s face.

Carefully propping herself up on her elbows, Ryuko takes a sip before smacking her lips.

“You know, you should always treat me like this,” she says, as Satsuki gets on top of her, straddling Ryuko’s hips to massage her back and shoulders. She digs her elbows into the knots that have started to form beneath her shoulder blades, and Ryuko exhales loudly through her nose.

“You’d get spoiled. Are you okay?”

“Yea, yea, fine, just sore. Can we, like, you know...,” Ryuko responds. She turns her head to look up at Satsuki whose quirked eyebrow almost makes her want to laugh; Satsuki looks so concerned, like a guilty kid or scared new parent. With all the strength she can muster, she

shifts her hips and flips herself over, laughing at the surprised squeak that comes out of Satsuki's mouth when she does so. "Cuddle?"

"Oh, I guess," Satsuki says, repositioning herself to be slotted between Ryuko's legs, her head resting on her stomach. She breathes in the smell of both sweat and body wash. Ryuko shifts uncomfortably underneath her. "What now, Matoi?"

"M' kinda sore... there," she mumbles, fidgeting. "Can I be big spoon?"

"We're on the floor."

"I don't wanna get up, please?"

"Alright alright."

Satsuki rolled off of her and then scooted up before Ryuko slumped over and slung an arm around her sister. She heaved a sleepy sigh that reminded Satsuki of big tired, dopey dogs and curled her body close. Satsuki couldn't blame her when she heard snoring not two minutes later.

RyuSatsuNon

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Ryusatsunon, trying to decide what TV show they want to watch. Alternatively, the three of them fighting zombies/a dragon or somethin', whichever time period you want as long as they all smooch like at least once

“I cannot belie—Transfer, get the fuck out of the way!”

“Oh wow, nice save, thanks for that Nonon.”

“You wouldn’t need to be saved if you would just fucking pay attention to the god damn flames coming from it’s mo—”

“No! No, it’s gonna bite you! Oh god, I got it. I whacked its head off.”

“Kiryuuin! Eyebrows, that’s the wron—you’re losing your god damn way!”

“Satsuki! Oh, jeez. It’s got her. Oh my—no! No, don’t run towards me, Satsuki it’s still on your neck!”

Satsuki sighed heavily through her nose and put her controller down when her screen flashed, for the fourth time that night, that she was turned into a zombie by some kind of dragon. At least, she thinks that’s what this game was about. She wasn’t entirely sure, but endured it because if she did, she got to choose what to watch after their hour was up. She sat between Nonon and Ryuko, jolted every so often by one of their elbows when they got too overzealous with their gameplay. Nonon kept shrieking intermittently and Ryuko picked up an infatuation with the word “hella” from the internet last week.

“Gimme a kiss, babe, I gotta take this dragon out before Nonon dies,” Ryuko asked, leaning her cheek towards Satsuki and getting in her space.

“Tragic,” Satsuki said, not leaning in.

“Please,” Ryuko frowned, not taking her eyes off the screen. “It’s important!”

“Oh give her the damn kiss, so the piss baby can shut up.”

“I’ll vote for whatever you wanna watch when we’re done.”

Satsuki thought about it. She really wanted to watch Keeping Up With the Kardashians. Like, really. She turned her head and smirked; Ryuko was still button smashing her controller, not

looking at Satsuki but leaning into her space with her cheek tilted. Satsuki leaned forward and captured her lips.

“Mmf—No! Not in my screen!”

She chuckled as she pulled away and watched the health bar of Ryuko’s character plummet dangerously low. Nonon groaned beside her, her own character reaching their demise.

“A valiant effort,” Satsuki said, nudging Nonon with her shoulder. Nonon pouted, looking up to her and leaned forward. Satsuki kissed her and then kept kissing her.

“I’m no—hey! Hey! Hello?! I am right here,” Ryuko shouted. Both Nonon and Satsuki smirked before deepening their kiss. “I’m rescinding my vote, Kiryuuin!”

Satsuki just hummed as she shifted on the couch to straddle Nonon’s hips, taking her face in her hands and dragging her lips and teeth up and over to Nonon’s earlobe.

“I believe I’ve found my vote,” she said. Nonon hummed in pleasure as Ryuko’s character died. She surprised them both by shoving Satsuki off.

“Get out of the way, eyebrows,” she muttered before kissing Nonon herself. It was all at once intense and desperate. Ryuko pulled away, put her forehead against Nonon’s and whispered.

“Top Chef is on tonight.”

They argued for ten minutes before putting on Bob’s Burgers.

Makonon

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Mako/Nonon Grocery Shopping for Christmas Eve.

Nonon kicked off the floor and let the cart roll before stepping off and sliding to a halt in front of the cereal aisle. She threw a box of Cheerios at Mako, who was sitting inside of the cart, cradling a large turkey and half buried underneath vegetables and canned goods. Mako wiggled a bit in the cart and was able to pry loose a crumpled piece of paper from her back pocket. She made a check mark before looking at Nonon.

“Breadcrumbs,” they both said in unison, before nodding affirmatively. Nonon turned the cart down the aisle and hummed some stray melody while Mako checked and rechecked their list. Thanksgiving was at Uzu and Ira’s place this year, and they did a horrible job, so Mako and Nonon were determined to blow them out of the water both on the hosting and the culinary front. The next week was supposed to be at Ryuko and Satsuki’s to reign in the New Year, but with Ryuko’s tendency to create disaster in situations where chaos was already abundant, Nonon didn’t worry too much about upstaging them as well.

Mako shifted uncomfortably in the cart. Nonon was pretty sure she was sitting on a can, and that suspicion was confirmed when she managed to pull it out from underneath herself.

“If they don’t have that one brand your mother told us to buy, we’re leaving the cart here,” Nonon said.

“It has to be that brand!” Mako replied, a fire in her eyes. Mako was surprisingly competitive when it came to hosting duties for the holidays. Nonon enjoyed it immensely. “I’m going to outdo whatever catering Satsuki gets for New Years this year!”

Nonon chuckled to herself. It wasn’t really a secret that their group of friends always tried to outdo one another for the holidays—it was healthy competition amongst friends. Right? Right. They almost turned down an aisle when they heard two very familiar voices arguing about their liquor selection.

“Is that—”

“Matoi!” Nonon whispered. She picked up the pace and skidded around the aisle, hoping to catch their two friends. The sight they ran into was comical to say the very least. Mako immediately burst into laughter and Satsuki’s face flushed so red it matched Ryuko’s streak.

“I can explain; I swear,” Satsuki started. She was sitting the cart, knees up to her chest, arguing with Ryuko from inside the basket when they rounded the corner.

“She twisted her ankle.”

“I felt faint from not eating today.”

They glared at each other.

“I’d laugh, Satsuki, but I respect you too much, and well,” Nonon said, not finishing but gesturing vaguely to Mako sitting in their own cart. Satsuki groaned and put her head in her hands.

“Leave, please,” she asked, pointing down the aisle.

Mako and Nonon wasted no time as they left the pair to stew in their own embarrassment.

Satsuryu (Shipping Implied)

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Ryuko get her hands injured and bandaged up and she cant do simple things like cut her food or open doors (elbows wont do). But without question satsuki does this all for and Ryuko gets all flustered cuz she's always fended for herself growing up and now she has a doting sister.

“Ow, ow, ow, ow.”

“Ryuko, stop. Please, let me get it.”

Satsuki ran forward to the bathroom, and opened the door for her. Both of Ryuko’s hands were wrapped in bandages due to an unfortunate accident where she managed to squash and break 7 fingers (3 on one hand and 4 on the other) while helping Mako move into her apartment. Life fiber infused bones meant she’d only be kept in splints for about two weeks, but she was having trouble with pretty much everything.

She held her hands up in front of her face.

“This is the dumbest thing I’ve ever done.”

“You’ve done worse,” Satsuki said. She almost laughed at the frown Ryuko gave her but decided against it as she leaned against the doorframe in the bathroom and watched as Ryuko struggled to take her toothbrush between both palms. She sighed and plucked the object from it’s cup before putting a glob of toothpaste onto its head. Her younger sister looked at her with furrowed brows and an indignant frown.

“Nuh uh,” she said. She shook her head. “No way, Eyebrows.”

Satsuki didn’t give her a choice, but took her chin between her thumb and index finger and shoved the brush in her mouth.

“I -an ooo iiiit,” Ryuko muttered as Satsuki smirked. Satsuki sang “row-row-row your boat” out loud twice just to make sure she spent enough time brushing, especially on those canines. When she was done, she pushed Ryuko’s head toward the sink and rinsed her mouth out and wiped her face.

“I can’t believe this,” Ryuko mumbled, towel covering her face as Satsuki rubbed her nose to dry her off. Satsuki let the towel hang on her neck and got behind her, pushing Ryuko gently to her room. “I’m not five, Kiryuuin!”

“Perhaps not,” she chuckled. “But currently, you have the capabilities of a toddler.”

“Oh no, please,” Ryuko groaned. “You did this for me yesterday.”

“Lift,” Satsuki said simply. Ryuko threw her hands in the air and rolled her eyes, allowing Satsuki to remove her shirt. She kept her hands aloft until Satsuki returned with a clean white tee, tugging it over Ryuko’s head.

“Just indulge me for once,” Satsuki said smoothing the collar out, even though there was no need. She smiled. From so close, Ryuko could see the corners of her eyes crinkle. “I never got to do this for you when we were kids.”

Ryuko turned her head as she felt her cheeks get hot. “Well, I never needed it then, you know.”

“I know. How many schools did you fight through before you came to Honnouji?”

Ryuko felt her face flush. With some amount of hesitation, Satsuki reached forward and put her hand on Ryuko’s head, then with playful affection, she ruffled her hair.

“Let someone else take care of you for once.”

“Big softie,” Ryuko said, crinkling her nose. “We’ll see how you feel about this after I need you to wipe my ass later.”

“You’re foul, Matoi.”

Satsuryu (Could Be Platonic)

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Doting hot sister ;)

You try not to be too overbearing, but it gets difficult when you have it set in your head that there are years and years you need to make up for. It's not like anybody's told you that you have to be better. It's not like she's made you feel guilty for not being there for her. It's just that this is how you feel—this is what you do. It's not a duty, but it sort of is. You feel obligated to be better and try harder and care more.

“Nee-san,” she'll say, in that scolding tone that doesn't really have any bite to it. She says it because she's rough around the edges and she doesn't need you to be there for her, but you can't not be. She'll give you a look and you'll only laugh as you hand over your card and pay for the bill, again. She'll try, numerous times, to get you back, going so far as to hand the waitress her card before the two of you even sit down, but you can usually persuade the waitress to take your payment.

It's just money.

It's just money and it's just things. What else are you going to do with a seemingly limitless supply of funds that you never really had the use for? You've had access to every material thing you've ever wanted or cared for. You acknowledge that you've lacked emotionally, but you're young—there's a lot of damage in your past that you won't be able to scrub out of you for a while, but who's to say she hasn't felt the same, and whose to say the both of you can't work through it together? Money cannot buy either of you happiness, nor can it rewind the hands of time, but it can certainly give you some amount of misplaced comfort. It doesn't stop nightmares, and it doesn't make things right. It doesn't even take back all the horrible things the both of you did to one another in your bouts of unfathomable rivalry.

But it does take your mind off of the darkness that creeps into your memories more than you'd like to admit. It helps you just as much as you think it might help her, annoyances be damned. She always has this shocked look on her face, too, when you make some big purchase, surprise her with some superfluous object.

You couldn't be sorry about it even if you tried.

It's superficial, perhaps. But it's just one way to make up for lost time. And if that's the first step, then it's fine with you to keep burning holes through plastic credit cards.

Satsuryu (PROVOCS AU)

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Can i request that you take my ceo sisters and run with them for 500 words?
(AO3 Author: Puscifer)

“Nope, yeap, okay, is that it?”

“Well, I wanted to talk to you about the copies for our social for next week, too.”

“Jesus Christ,” Ryuko muttered, a scowl on her face. Her shoulders shook and her intern stepped back tentatively. “Sydney, can you n-nnnI’m gonna have to answer those questions later.”

“Oh, okay, I’m so sorry, I thought this was a good time.”

Ryuko coughed and pounded her fist on her desk at the same time. She muttered something under her breath. Her intern quirked an eyebrow at her when she fidgeted, and looked as though she was about to reach for something under her desk, but her arm stopped.

“Wait, alright, what’s up with the copies?”

“They’re just... are you feeling alright? You’re really red.”

Ryuko clenched her jaw and adjusted her shoulder. Her bicep flexed hard.

“What is wrong with the copies?” Ryuko ground out. She fidgeted in her seat and her intern told her something mundane about the stale branding of some of their recent social tweets. A bead of sweat trickled down Ryuko’s neck and she closed her eyes, letting out a slow exhale.

“And that’s it; I just think Yamato is slacking.”

“Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Okay, I’ll be sure to talk to him about it,” Ryuko said, distractedly. Sydney glanced at her arm, still reaching, still flexing. “Is that it?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Okay, get out, please. Now. Leave. Actually, go home for the day.”

Sydney stared at her—Ryuko’s pupils were blown out and her breathing seemed more shallow than before.

“Are you—”

“Out! Sydney. And shut the door!”

Her intern got up quickly and left and Ryuko waited for click of her door before she let out a long, low moan, her shoulders slumping forward as she placed her face against the cool wood of her desk. She gripped at the head between her legs, fisting the long hair there. Satsuki hummed against her clit and sucked hard.

“Ffuuu—,” Ryuko was close and then suddenly she was there, coming, and panting and canting her hips in her chair, face down on her desk, and the door to her office flew open.

“Oh! Ms. Matoi—”

“Sydney, leave!” Ryuko roared, not looking up, but hearing the door close once again. Satsuki only stopped once Ryuko came a second time, sweaty and breathing hard, leaning, slumped in her chair. She got out from under the desk and wiped her chin on the back of her hand.

“Thanks for lunch,” Satsuki said, smirking.

“That’s my line. I hate you so much. I have to tell her I was having a nervous breakdown.”

“Or you could ignore it,” Satsuki shrugged as she took out her lipstick and fixed her makeup. “And anyway, it’s just payback from last week.”

She leaned down and kissed Ryuko on the cheek, leaving a light ring of purple against her skin.

“Wash your face, we have a meeting in twenty.”

Satsuki didn’t even glance back as she sauntered out of Ryuko’s office.

Satsuryu (AU)

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Ryuko comes home early from a trip. Finds satsuki on the couch, wearing her shirt and huddling herself while tv is still on, obviously having trouble sleeping without ryuko around.

When the taxi rolls up to their home, she can see blue light flickering through the window pane. It's three in the morning and Satsuki's a stickler for the electric bill, so she's concerned as she shoves a handful of bills into the driver's hand and doesn't ask for change as she hefts her bag out of the trunk. Her mind drifts into overdrive as she nears the steps of their house. She briefly considers cheating before she both laughs at the idea and physically slaps herself before sliding her key into the lock.

The television set is at such a low volume that she knows Satsuki couldn't be watching it, but something in her tells her to quietly put her bag down in the entryway anyway. She's not supposed to be home for two more days, but there was nothing going on with social media so her company said she could go home earlier than expected. She wanted to crawl into bed and surprise her heavy sleeper in the morning, but with the television set on, she wasn't sure what to expect.

It certainly wasn't this.

Satsuki is asleep on the couch, an empty bottle of wine set on the coffee table in front of her. She's wrapped in Ryuko's hoodie, the one she gets berated for for never washing, and their comforter from their bed. Her mouth is open. She's drooling. One hand is tucked under her chin, fisted around the hoodie, holding it close to her. Ryuko would laugh if she didn't understand the sentiment. She takes her shoes off and steps lightly to the couch before sitting besides Satsuki and running her hand through the fringe of her bangs. With a delicate touch, she touches her face, prodding at Satsuki's cheek. She stirs slightly under the touch.

"Hey nerd," Ryuko whispers, leaning down to kiss Satsuki on the cheek.

"Ryuko," Satsuki says, sleep evident in her voice. She inhales sharply and rubs sleep from her eyes before attempting to sit up and swiping the hood off of the top of her head. "You're not supposed to be here for two more days."

"I know," Ryuko smiles. She leans in and kisses Satsuki on the mouth. "Came home early. What's up? Bad dreams?"

"Yea," Satsuki frowns. "I missed you."

Ryuko hums. "Of course, I'm to be missed."

Satsuki licks at the roof of her mouth, still trying to dispel the sleep that's settled into her.

"Mmm. Dreamt you tried to kill me. You were half naked," Satsuki mumbles, her eyes closing due to exhaustion. She tries to snap them open again. "Scissor sword. Something. Glad you're back early."

"Scissor sw—you need to stop drinking a bottle of wine before you sleep," Ryuko says, tucking a strand of errant hair behind Satsuki's ear. "Wanna get to bed?"

"Just lay with me," Satsuki asks, words slurring together as she succumbs to slumber. Ryuko doesn't bother changing, and Satsuki stops sleeping in fits.

Satsunon

Chapter Summary

Prompt: SATSUNON (no gloria estafan though)

“What are you listening to?”

Nonon looks up at the stranger tapping on her shoulder—she thought that simply ignoring her would make her leave, but then she started touching her and Nonon just could not have it.

“What?” she snaps, ripping her headphones out of her ears.

“I was wondering what you were listening to; I like the cover art,” the woman says pointing down to Nonon’s phone.

“Some band you’ve probably never heard of,” Nonon says, trying to shove her headphones back into place.

“Can I listen?”

She looks at the woman sitting next to her, gives her a scrutinizing glance, narrowing her eyes as she does so. She doesn’t look crazy. She has a short bob and angled cheekbones, steel blue eyes that kind of remind Nonon of her dumbass friend. More importantly, she’s dressed business casual, so she couldn’t possibly be that crazy if she is, apparently, commuting to her job that she might have. Although, Nonon was pretty sure you could never be too careful on the New York public transit system.

“I mean, if that doesn’t bother you,” the woman says, taking her own headphones from her purse.

Nonon hesitates.

“I don’t want you running off with my phone while we’re at the next station. Hold on, I have a headphone splitter,” she says before rummaging around in her bag for it. When her dumbass friend, Ryuko, gave it to her, she told her that if she found someone to share her music with, she should marry that person. Nonon just rolled her eyes and accepted the shitty present.

“I didn’t know people carried those around,” the woman says.

“They don’t,” Nonon mutters, plugging both of their headphones in. Maybe the woman will hate it and stop talking to her and Nonon can go back to almost falling asleep at every stop. A

couple minutes go by and she feels tapping on her shoulder again, so she sighs and removes her headphones once more.

“I really like this,” the woman says. Nonon blinks.

"Wait, really?"

“It has a really nice feel to it—I like that it doesn’t have any lyrics.”

Nonon opens and closes her mouth, trying to find words.

“Do you want to get coffee sometime? I have more music.”

The woman laughs before responding, but she smiles when she says, “I’m more of a tea drinker.”

“Tea’s fine, too,” Nonon replies. “I mean, if you want to listen to weird music nobody else listens to.”

“I’d like that,” she says, extending her hand. “My name is Satsuki, by the way.”

"I’m Nonon,” she responds, taking it.

Satsuki smiles at her.

“What else do you have that’s similar?”

Nonon misses her stop for work and shows up fifteen minutes late with a dopey smile on her face. Ryuko makes some snide comment about it, but Nonon does the unexpected and gives her a hug without saying why.

Evil!Ryuko and Satsuki

Chapter Summary

Prompt: "I'd love to have evil!ryu and Satsuki."

I wrote two different versions for this and couldn't decide what to post, so I just decided to post both.

Fair warning, the second one is a lot darker and a little bit of shoddy practice for "shock" writing.

“What would hurt you most?”

Satsuki doesn't answer. She's pinned under Ryuko, staring into her crazed eyes—ones she knows, logically, are Ryuko's but that look different somehow. The edge of her blade is digging into Satsuki's neck, but she doesn't flinch. The red under Ryuko's eyes look like pools of blood flowing too hard and too fast and too close to the surface of her skin. She leans close to Satsuki's ear, hissing her words like a snake, like a viper. Some serpentine sentient that feels familiar in the most gruesome way.

“What if I gutted that one with the green hair, hmm?” she asks. “Or the big one? I bet he'd make a fantastic mess.”

Satsuki turns her head away, rubble digging into her scalp. Still she does not answer.

“No, no, that won't do,” Ryuko says. She glances up, eyes scanning the spectators to their feud. She makes a noise of excitement when her gaze halts. “That one. The music bitch—yes, that would certainly feel like twisting a knife in your wounds, wouldn't it? Would that hurt you the most, Satsuki-sama?”

Ryuko twists the blade so that it digs, cuts just a little more, into Satsuki's neck.

“It would hurt, but not the most,” Satsuki says, defying Ryuko by finally answering. She glares at the woman on top of her, watches as the fire behind her eyes smolders in a way that is familiar but different.

“Well, don't make me cut it out of you,” she says. “What could I do to make you break?”

Satsuki doesn't answer. It makes Ryuko angry.

“Tell me; who would I have to kill so that you never come back from it,” she snarls. “I'll spare the rest if you tell me the one.”

The silence that stretches infuriates the crazed, misguided Ryuko. Satsuki closes her eyes. It's not that she's afraid to look at her. It's just that the differences are so subtle and so vile, they repulse her. There is so much poison beneath that surface of her, so much corruption even though the superficial remains the same.

"Which one, Kiryuuin?! Which one is it? Which one would make you weep?!"

She opens her eyes slowly, like a sigh.

"The one that I'm looking at."

Warning: Character Death, could be misinterpreted as dub-con (it's not, though)

The sound of hot breath coming in gasps, sick with heat and delirium, ricocheted off of the walls and echoed into silence like a grotesque and vile symphony. Each shuddered moan was weighted with pleasure and pain—a stifled cry, a muffled hallelujah. It wasn't supposed to end up like this, but things go to hell in those ways, sometimes.

"I always knew," Ryuko gasped. "That you were weak."

Satsuki murmured something incoherent as she canted her hips, rutting against Ryuko's hand, eyes shut, teeth digging into her lip. Ryuko hated that. Biting her lip—how childish, how foolish, how restrained. She tugged on Satsuki's hair, suddenly, forcing a gasp to escape her, to watch her lips part as she panted. Ryuko bit down on the tendons of Satsuki's neck, drawing another shuddered moan from her.

"Ry-Ryuko," Satsuki panted, grimacing as gravel dug into her back. She pressed on. "C-come back. Save this world with me."

"Stupid," Ryuko spat. "Who gives a shit about this world?"

She removed her hand and slotted her thigh in between Satsuki's legs before grinding into her, bracing herself against the ground, elbows locked so that she could watch Satsuki writhe pathetically underneath her.

"You'll ruin it," Satsuki gasped, clutching onto Ryuko's forearm. "E-everything you know. Everything you l-love will be destroyed."

"Good."

"P-please. Come to your s-senses."

"You talk too much."

Ryuko shifted her weight and wrapped both hands around Satsuki's neck. The taller woman gasped quickly before Ryuko pressed down on her throat.

“Why don’t you shut up?” Ryuko asked, still forcing Satsuki to rut against her. She grinned. “Look at that, see? Now you’re not so annoying when I don’t have to listen to you.”

She shifted her hips to find her own pleasure and squeezed, cutting off that whimpering sound from the woman under her. The hand still gripping her forearm started to slacken.

“Come on, don’t be so fucking weak,” Ryuko shouted, easing her grip, and taking pleasure in that desperate way Satsuki opened her throat to gulp down a lungful of air. Her whole body convulsed as she did so.

“We can save it,” she started. It was the wrong thing to say. Ryuko’s blood boiled at her momentary defiance and she squeezed again before shaking violently, wrenching her elbows back and forth.

“Why can’t you learn to shut the fuck up?!”

Snap.

Eyes wide, Ryuko tried to control her breathing, listening to it echo and fade. Something in her faltered, then waned, then took over once more. Heels clicked along stone behind her, but she did not turn her head away from the woman unmoving underneath her.

“Darling, did you break your new toy so soon?”

“Mother, leave,” Ryuko growled.

“So testy. I supposed I’ll let you wallow.”

The heels clicked away from her until she could no longer hear their rhythmic dirge. The red around her eyes faded, briefly. She stared and then whispered.

“What have I done?”

Makonon (Roadtrip AU)

Chapter Summary

Prompt: "psst can i request another Makonon? c: Road trip!"

Standing on the side of the road, Nonon huffs as steam continues to filter out of her engine. She turns her head and throws on an affectionate smirk as she watches Mako try to flag down cars for help. Shoving her hands into her pockets, she gives one last disgruntled kick to her hummer's massively oversized tire and joins Mako by the side of the road.

"Why didn't you wave down that one?" she asks watching a truck pass.

"Probably a creep," Mako shrugs. Nonon doesn't protest—Mako's always been smart about people. They let a few more go by before Mako puts her hands up, waving frantically, but more cars just pass. She sighs as the road becomes empty.

"I'm sorry, this was supposed to be fun and then my dumb baby decided to crap out on me," Nonon says. She grinds her teeth together, cursing her luck. "18 hours of continuous driving and it picks the middle of bumfuck nowhere to bottom out! Unbelievable."

"Don't worry about it, Nanners," Mako says, slinging her arm around her girlfriend's shoulders while waving still with her free hand. "It's not about the destination, it's about the getting there!"

"Yea well apparently, we're getting nowhere," Nonon grumbles. Mako just laughs before putting her hand down and turning to kiss Nonon on the cheek.

"We're still in transit—just because we're not moving, doesn't mean we're not still having an adventure."

Nonon hums, ever amused by Mako's optimism: only Mako knew how to make light of being stranded on the side of the road in a dead zone with no rest stop or callbox for miles. She puffs her cheeks out comically, still irritated about their situation, but less so with Mako in such a good mood. Her girlfriend laughs and that coconut head of hers comes closer to plant a kiss on her lips as she squishes Nonon's cheeks. It startles them and makes them jump apart when tires screech to a halt, kicking up dirt and dust in front of them.

"Hey losers, need some help?"

"Who the hell are you calling a loser?" Nonon asks, coughing and waving her hand, trying to dispel all the debris in the air so she could see.

A woman donning aviators and a toothy grin is practically hanging out of the side of a gunmetal gray BMW. She pushes up a streak of dyed red hair as she swipes her glasses atop her head. The driver, straight backed, matching aviators, and frown plastered on her face, gives Nonon a nod.

“Well, do you need help?” she asks again.

“You guys aren’t serial killers are you?”

The woman points at her hair. “No way, identifier like this? I worry about this one though,” she says, jerking her thumb at the driver. The driver waves, thick eyebrows retreating into her bangs in acknowledgement. Before Nonon can say anything, Mako is already climbing into their back seat and introducing herself cheerily.

"Oh, what the hell."

Satsunon (Smutty)

Chapter Summary

Prompt: "please do a smutty satsunon! please!"

Satsuki always goes for her neck. Nonon's partially to blame—she has a habit of throwing her head back, exposing the tendons there like an offering, but Satsuki never turns it down. She's mouthing at Nonon's neck, lips swollen against that pale flesh there as both of their breaths come in ragged, shuddered moans.

"You have to kiss me," Nonon pants, trying to get Satsuki away from her neck without breaking the rhythm between them. Still rutting her hips against Satsuki's hand, Nonon jerks her head away.

"Just—just breathe through your nose or something," Satsuki says, leaning forward and placing her forehead against Nonon's sharp collarbone. She curls her fingers and tries not to smirk against Nonon's skin when the shorter girl lets out a yelp of pleasure from above her.

"C-can't you j-just," Nonon starts. Another moan, louder this time, escapes past her lips. "Can't you just d-do what I ask for o-once?"

Satsuki huffs indignantly, but leans back, giving Nonon the space to lean forward and kiss her, which she does, all open mouthed and hot and desperate with just a little too much teeth. Not that Satsuki minds much. It keeps the noise level down and soon Nonon is shaking, thighs quivering, muscles convulsing as she comes, the sound she'd usually make lost against Satsuki's mouth, swallowed down, lost into her. Nonon hasn't even begun to catch her breath when a loud thump from another room in the apartment makes both women startle.

"Shit, shit, shit," Nonon whispers, climbing off of Satsuki as footsteps tread through the apartment. "Last time I was here, your sister tried to kill me."

"She didn't try to kill you," Satsuki huffs, standing and stretching but still straining her ears. Nonon is stepping into a pair of shorts when she stops to look up pointedly at Satsuki.

"She threw a knife at me."

"Well yea, but if she was trying to kill you, she probably wouldn't have missed," Satsuki shrugs. Nonon gives her a look but then drops to the floor with a yelp as sharp knocks against Satsuki's door startle them for a second time.

"Satsuki, get your fingers out of your girlfriend and reset the internet," Ryuko shouts. "I can fuckin' hear you slapping her genitals from down the block."

Satsuki groans, embarrassed by her sister's words before getting up and resetting the router in her bedroom.

"You two goin' at it, tryna be stealthy," Ryuko continues, still shouting through the door. "Hey, troll! I can hear your heavy mouth breathing through my headphones. Are you done resetting that shit yet?!"

Annoyed and uncaring towards her state of undress from the waist up, Satsuki wrenches her door open angrily. It surprises Ryuko and Satsuki uses the moment to fling her arm out to catch her sister by the ear and yank.

"It's reset, now go back to masturbating to Nonon's breathless panting, idiot!"

The face Ryuko makes when Satsuki slams the door shut is priceless.

Satsuryu (Poem)

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Satsuryu, Hardmode, Satsuki comes first.

But for them, there is no forgiveness in their sin.
Wretched heir and lost blood—what have you done?
Ask them no questions, they will commit again.

Two tides crash against, the story of kin—
a lifetime of unknowing, a loaded gun—
But for them, there is no forgiveness in their sin.

At twilight one may move within,
their crimes annulled in the morning sun.
Ask them no questions, they will commit again.

Red thread connecting, a love so thin,
equals in others, they would find none—
But for them, there is no forgiveness in their sin.

Breath hot against ivory skin—
mistress of resolve, she becomes undone.
Ask them no questions, they will commit again.

She asked, like a siren, “Where have you been?”
The other only answered, “I have been on the run.”
But for them, there is no forgiveness in their sin.
Ask them no questions, they will commit again.

Satsuryu

Chapter Summary

Prompt: "the damn scisters "you tell me that you're scared that you're turning into your mother" >:3"

“Where the hell are you?”

There was a sigh on the other end of the line and Ryuko’s knuckles turned white around her phone. She swung her bag down onto the floor with a heavy thud and then ripped one arm out of her jacket.

“I just have to finish up this proj—”

“And then you’ll come home?”

Another sigh. “Yes, Ryuko. And then I’ll come home.”

“It’s my first night back; I can’t believe you aren’t here,” she ground out, switching hands and ripping her other arm out of its sleeve. She threw the garment on the ground and kicked off her shoes.

“There’s a lot that I’m in the middle of,” Satsuki said, tiredness evident in her voice.

“You never have time for me!” Ryuko screamed into the receiver, flinching at her own outburst almost immediately. This was all starting to feel like déjà vu and the feeling was only made worse by the dead silence on the line that hung between them. “Please, just—just come home soon.”

She didn’t wait for a response before she disconnected the line, gripped the phone, and held it aloft before thinking better of smashing it to the ground. This was her third phone in just as many months. With nothing left to do and a big empty house to greet her, Ryuko kicked her bag all the way to her room to unpack her clothes from University. When she was done, she fished around in her pocket for her phone and ordered food for delivery, putting it on the card that Satsuki had left on the kitchen counter with a note telling her to order whatever she wanted. She crumpled the note immediately after reading it.

Satsuki didn’t come through the front door until well into the night. Ryuko was seething in front of the television waiting for her when she finally heard a key slide into the lock. Ryuko let her set her things down before switching the television set off and turning on her.

“Nice of you to finally show up.”

“Matoi, please, I’m sorry,” Satsuki said, tiredly. “There’s this proje—”

“You knew what day I was coming back. You scheduled the itinerary yourself.”

Ryuko clenched and unclenched her fists, scowling at her sister, and Satsuki just stood there, a tired, weary look upon her face.

“I’m sorry. Tomorrow is Saturday; I have work to do in the morning, but you can have Soroi take yo—”

“I don’t want to spend time with Soroi! I want to spend time with you, you fucking moron!”

Satsuki flinched at the rising thunder of Ryuko’s voice.

“You told me to go to Uni and get an education, you buy me new phones whenever I slam one against the ground in frustration, you pay to fly me out and back,” Ryuko seethed. “You told me that you’re scared you’re turning into your mother.”

Satsuki shut her eyes, exhausted.

“But you know who you’re turning into?”

“Who am I turning into, Ryuko?”

“Our father.”

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